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Tribune.

The most important book ever printed in the interest of soldiers and their heirs, is described on 12th page of Supplement.

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1898.—WITH SUPPLEMENT.

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Andersonville:

A Story of Rebel Military Prisons.

(Copyright.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The wonderful country about Cumberland Gap, and the strategic importance of that place. Need of food and forage for the garrison sends a battalion of cavalry up Powell's Valley to secure its supplies. A rebel command starts down the valley. The two forces meet and the rebels are routed.

The cavalry battalion occupies the country gained, and protects the forage trains sent out to gather up the supplies. On Jan. 3, 1864, the battalion is attacked by Jones's Brigade of rebels, and after a stubborn, desperate fight is compelled to surrender. The prisoners are taken to Richmond. Interior and exterior scenes in Richmond.

The first squad of prisoners leave for Andersonville. Gen. Winder and Capt. Wirz take charge of the prison.

The prison fills up with additional squads. Prisoners plagued by vermin. The prisoners' minds are bent on exchange or escape. The crowd inside the prison rapidly increases, rations grow worse, the misery intensifies, and there is an appalling increase in the mortality.

Plundering prisoners, known as Raiders, attempt the murder of Leroy L. Key, who forms a band of Regulars. The latter defeat the Raiders in a terrible battle. The Raider leaders are court-martialed by the prisoners and six are hanged.

The author interpolates in his narrative a transcript of the evidence at the Wirz trial of Prof. Joseph Jones, a Surgeon of high rank in the rebel army, who visited Andersonville to make a scientific study of the conditions of disease there.

The horrors of August. The Provisional Spring. Fall of Atlanta. After announcement of a general exchange, the author, with others, leaves for Savannah. They are disappointed to find they are not to be exchanged, but confined in the Savannah prison-pen. The prisoners are taken to Millen.

Sherman's advance frightens the rebels into taking the prisoners from Millen. They arrive at Black-Shear, and soon exchange is announced, and the rebel officials explain that all must sign the parole. But after signing the "parole" they are sent to Florence. Cruelty of Lieut. Barrett, of the prison there. Statistics as to the number who died. Interesting incidents of prison life.

Prisoners learn of the death of John H. Winder. The kind of a man he was. Sherman advances into South Carolina and the rebels again move the prisoners, who go by train into North Carolina and learn of the fall of Wilmington.

They reach the Union lines, where the boys in blue take them in hand and treat them royally. Then they go to Wilmington, thence embarking for Annapolis.

CHAPTER LXXX.

TERRIBLE SEA-SICKNESS—ARRIVAL AT ANNAPOLIS—UNDOUBTED LUXURY AND DAYS OF UNADULTERATED HAPPINESS.

THE WIND AT LENGTH calmed sufficiently to encourage our Captain to venture out, and we were soon battling with the rolling waves, far out of sight of land. For awhile the novelty of the scene fascinated me. I was at last on the ocean, of which I had heard, read and imagined so much. The creaking cordage, the straining engine, the plunging ship, the wild waste of tumbling billows, every one apparently racing to where our tossing bark was struggling to maintain herself, all had an entrancing interest for me, and I tried to recall Byron's sublime apostrophe to the ocean—

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempest: in all time,
Calm or convulsed in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the invisible; even from thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obey's thee; thou great first, dread, fatherless, alone."

Just then, my reverie was broken by the strong hand of the gruff Captain of the vessel descending upon my shoulder, and he said:

"See, here, youngster! Ain't you the fellow that was put in command of these men?"

I acknowledged such to be the case.

"Well," said the Captain; "I want you to tend to your business and straighten them around, so that we can clean off the decks."

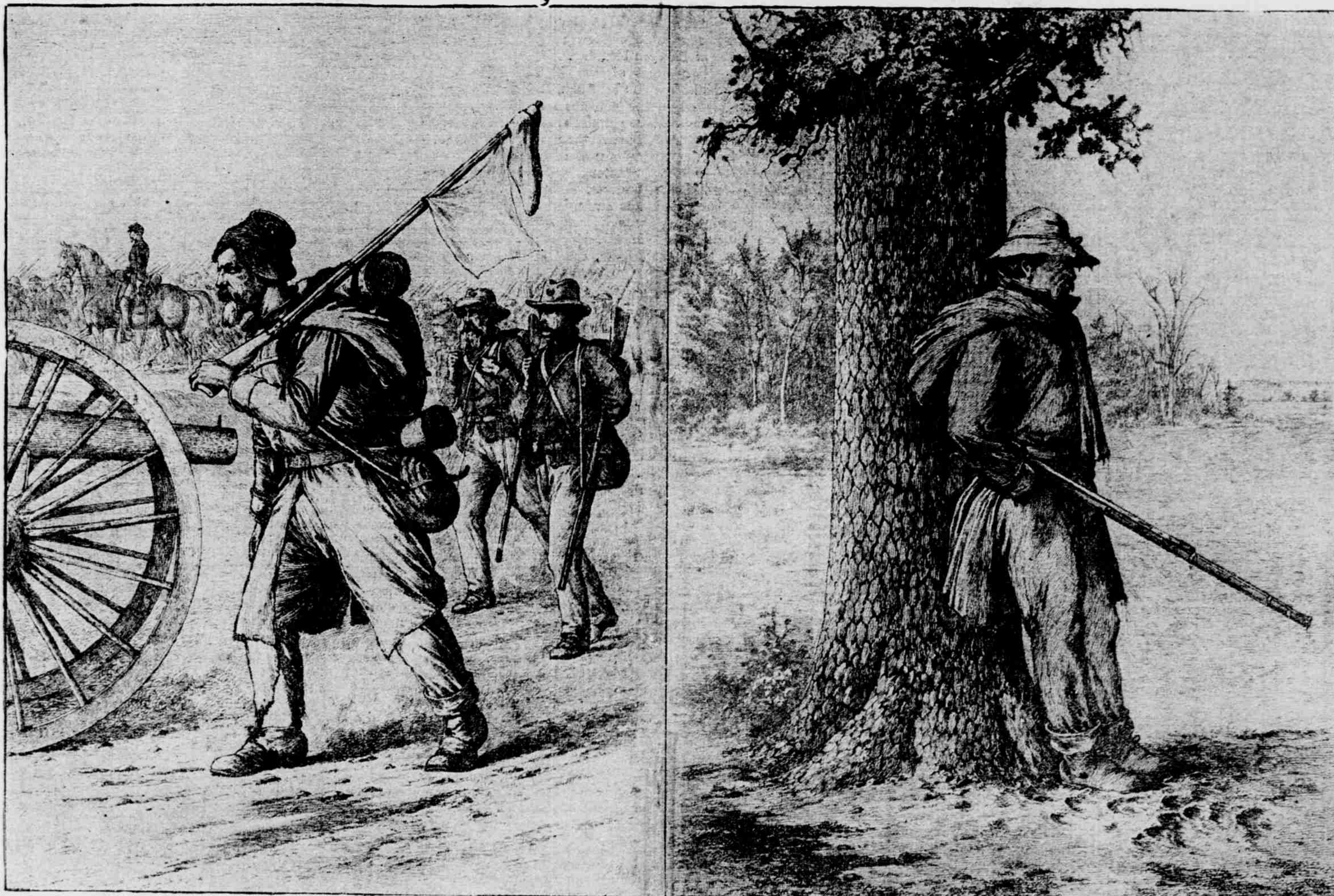
I turned from the bulwark over which I had been contemplating the vasty deep, and saw the sorriest, most woe-begone lot that the imagination can conceive. Every mother's son was wretchedly sea-sick. They were paying the penalty of their overfeeding in Wilmington; and every face looked as if its owner was discovering for the first time what the real lower depths of human misery was. They all seemed afraid they would not die; as if they were praying for death, but feeling certain that he was going back on them in a most shameful way.

We straightened them around a little, washed them and the decks off with a hose, and then I started down in the hole to see how matters were with the 600 down there. The boys there were much sicker than those on deck. As I lifted the hatch there rose an odor which appeared strong enough to raise the plank itself.

I recoiled, and leaned against the bulwark, but soon summoned up courage enough to go half-way down the ladder, and shout out in as stern a tone as I could command:

"Here, now! I want you fellows to straighten around there, right off, and help clean up!"

They were as angry and cross as they were sick. They wanted nothing in the world so much as the opportunity I had given them to swear at and abuse somebody. Every one of them raised



Copyright, 1890, by Edwin Forbes.

"WASHDAY IN THE ARMY."—"ON PICKET."

Two of Edwin Forbes's great war etchings, and both overflowing with the spirit of the war. The first shows "a soldier and a gentleman" whom military necessity has reduced to doing his own washing. "The exigencies of the service" have also required him to move before his *lingerie* was dried. The Quartermaster did not issue any clotheslines; he had to use the line of march instead. He has hung them in the safest place he knows—the muzzle of his gun. "Clean clothes required just that protection in the army."

"On Picket" is even more eloquent. It shows a war-worn veteran—everything about him is indicative of good and hard service—who is doing his turn at the responsible duty of serving as "eyes of the army." He is out there for recreation, but for weighty business, as any gentleman in buttoned uniform would discover if they ventured into the range of those strong, keen eyes. It would not be healthy for them anywhere within a half-mile of that trusty Springfield rifle, that he has ready for instant use.

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on his elbow, and shaking his fist at me yelled out:

"O, just come down another step, and I'll knock the whole head off'en you."

Coming back on the deck my stomach began to feel qualms. Some wretched idiot told me that the best preventive of sea-sickness was to drink as much of the milk punch as I could swallow.

Like another idiot, I did so. I went again to the side of the vessel, but now the fascination of the scene had all faded out. The restless billows were dreary, savage, hungry, and dizzying; they seemed to claw at, and tear, and wrench the struggling ship as a group of huge lions would tease and worry a captive dog. They distressed her and all on board by dealing a blow which would send her reeling in one direction, but before she had swung the full length that impulse would have sent her, catching her on the opposite side with a stunning shock that sent her another way, only to meet another rude buffet from still another side.

I thought we could all have stood it if the motion had been like that of a swing—backward and forward—or even if the to and fro motion had been complicated with a sidewise swing, but to be put through every possible bewildering motion in the briefest space of time was more than heads of iron and stomachs of brass could stand.

Mine were not made of such perdurable stuff. They commenced mutinous demonstrations in regard to the milk punch.

While I was leaning over the bulwark, musing on the complete hollowness of all earthly things, the Captain of the vessel caught hold of me roughly, and said:

"Look here, you're just playin' the very dickens a commandin' these here men. Why don't you stiffen up, and hump yourself around, and make these men mind, or else belt them over the head with a capstan bar? Now, I want you to tend to your business. D'you understand me?"

I turned a pair of weary and hopeless eyes upon him, and started to say that a man who would talk to one in my forlorn condition of "stiffening up" and "belting other fellows over the head with a capstan bar," would insult a woman dying with consumption, but I suddenly became too full for utterance.

I turned my head again to the sea, and looking down into its emerald depths, let go of the victualistic store which I had been industriously accumulating ever since I had come through the lines.

Utterably miserable as I was I could not refrain from a ghost of a smile, when a poor country boy near me sang out in an interval between vomiting spells:

"O, Captain, stop the boat and lem'me go ashore, and I swear I'll walk every step of the way home."

He was like old Gonzalo in the

Tempest: "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath; brown furz; anything. The Wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death."

After this misery had lasted about two days we got past Cape Hatteras, and out of reach of its malign influence, and recovered as rapidly as we had been prostrated.

We regained spirits and appetites with amazing swiftness; the sun came out warm and cheerful, we cleaned up our quarters and ourselves as best we could, and during the remainder of the voyage were as blithe and cheerful as so many crickets.

The fun in the cabin was rollicking. The officers had been as sick as the men, but were wonderfully vivacious when the *mal du mer* passed off. In the party was a fine glee club, which had been organized at "Camp Sargum," the officers' prison at Columbia. Its leader was a Major of the 5th Iowa Cav., who possessed a marvelously sweet tenor voice and well-developed musical powers. While we were at Wilmington he sang "When Sherman Marched Down to the Sea" to an audience of soldiers that packed the Opera House densely.

The enthusiasm he aroused was simply indescribable; men shouted, and the tears ran down their faces. He was recalled time and again, each time with an increase in the furore. The audience would have staid there all night to listen to him sing that one song. Poor fellow, he only went home to die. An attack of pneumonia carried him off within a fortnight after we separated at Annapolis.

The Glee Club had several songs which they rendered in regular negro minstrel style, and in a way that was irresistibly ludicrous. One of their favorites was "Billy Patterson." All standing up in a ring, the tenors would lead off:

"I saw an old man go riding by."

and the baritones, flinging themselves around with the looseness of Christy's Minstrels, in a "break-down," would reply:

"Don't tell me! Don't tell me!"

Then the tenors would resume:

"Says I, 'Ole man, your horse 'll die.'"

Then the baritones, with an air of exaggeratedillery,

"A-b-a-n-a, Billy Patterson!"

Tenors:

"For, if he dies, I'll tan his skin;

And if he lives, I'll ride 'em again."

All together, with a furious "break-down" at the close:

"Then I'll lay five dollars down,

And count them one by one;

Then I'll lay five dollars down,

If anybody will show me the man

That struck Billy Patterson!"

And so on. It used to upset my gravity entirely to see a crowd of grave and dignified Captains, Majors, and Colonels going through this nonsensical drollery with all the abandon of professional burnt-cork artists.

As we were nearing the entrance to Chesapeake Bay we passed a great monitor, who was exercising her crew at the guns. She fired directly across our course, the huge 400-pound balls skipping along the water, about a mile ahead of us, as we boys used to make the flat stones skip in the play of "Ducks and Drakes." One or two of the shots came so close that I feared she might be mistaking us for a rebel ship intent on some raid up the Bay, and I looked out anxiously to see that the flag should float out so conspicuously that she could not help seeing it.

The next day our vessel ran alongside of the dock at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, that institution now being used as a hospital for paroled prisoners. The musicians of the Post band came down with stretchers to carry the sick to the hospital, while those of us who were able to walk were ordered to fall in and march up.

The distance was but a few hundred yards. On reaching the building we marched up on a little balcony, and as we did so each one of us was seized by a hospital attendant, who, with the quick dexterity attained by long practice, snatched every one of our rags off in the twinkling of an eye, and flung them over the railing to the ground, where a man loaded them into a wagon with a pitchfork. With them went our faithful little black can, our hoop-iron spoon, and our chessboard and men.

Thus entirely denuded, each boy was given a shove which sent him into a little room, where a barber pressed him down upon a stool, and almost before he understood what was being done had his hair and beard cut off as close as shears would do it. Another tap on the back sent the shorn lamb into a room furnished with great tubs of water and with about six inches of soap suds on the zinc-covered floor.

In another minute two men with sponges had removed every trace of prison grime from his body, and passed him on to two more men, who wiped him dry, and moved him on to where a man handed him a new shirt, a pair of drawers, pair of socks, pair of pantaloons, pair of slippers, and a hospital gown, and motioned him to go on into the large room and array himself in his new garments.

Like everything else about the hospital this performance was reduced to a perfect system. Not a word was spoken by anybody, not a moment's time lost, and it seemed to me that it was not 10 minutes after I marched up on the balcony, covered with dirt, rags, vermin, and a matted shock of hair, until I marched out of the room, clean and well clothed. Now I began to feel as if I was really a man again.

The next thing done was to register our names, rank, regiment, when and where captured, when and where released, etc. After this we were shown to our rooms. And such rooms as they were. All the old maids in the country

could not have improved their spick-span neatness. The floors were as white as pine plank could be scoured; the sheets and bedding as clean as cotton and linen and woolen could be washed. Nothing in any home in the land was any more daintily, wholesomely, unqualifiedly clean than were these little chambers, each containing two beds, one for each man assigned to their occupancy.

Andrews doubted if he could stand all this radical change in our habits. He feared that it was rushing things too fast. We might have had our hair cut one week, and taken a bath all over a week later, and so progress down to sleeping between white sheets in the course of six months, but to do it all in one day seemed like tempting fate.

Every turn showed us some new feature of the marvelous order of this wonderful institution. Shortly after we were sent to our rooms, a Surgeon entered with a clerk. After answering the usual questions as to name, rank, company and regiment, the Surgeon examined our tongues, eyes, limbs, and general appearance, and communicated his conclusions to the clerk, who filled out a blank card with something on it like this: "No. 101. Mc—, Co. L, 16th Ill. Cav. Entered March—, 1865. Diagnosis—General Debility. Prognosis—Favorable. Diet—No. 1." This card was stuck into a little tin holder at the head of my bed. Andrews's card was the same, except the name. The Surgeon was followed by a Sergeant, who was chief of the dining-room, and his clerk, who made a minute of the diet ordered for us and moved off. Andrews and I immediately became very solicitous to know what species of diet No. 1 was.

After the seasickness left us our appetites became as ravenous as a buzz-saw, and unless diet No. 1 was more than No. 1 in name, it would not fill the bill. We had not long to remain in suspense, for soon another non-commissioned officer passed through at the head of a train of attendants, bearing trays.

Consulting the list in his hand, he said to one of his followers, "Two No. 1's," and that satellite set down two large plates, upon each of which were a cup of coffee, a shred of meat, two boiled eggs and a couple of rolls.

"Well," said Andrews, as the procession moved away, "I want to know where this thing's going to stop. I am trying hard to get used to wearing a clean shirt, and to sit down on a chair, and to sleep in a clean bed, but when it comes to having my meals sent to my room, I'm afraid I'll degenerate into a pampered child of luxury. They are really piling it on too strong. Let us see, Mc, how long's it been since we were sitting on the sand there in Florence, boiling our pint of meal in that old can?"

"It seems many years, Lale," I said; "but for heaven's sake let us try to forget it as soon as possible. We will always remember too much of it."

And we did try hard to make the miserable recollections fade out of our minds. When we were stripped on the balcony we threw away every visible token that could remind us of the hateful experience we had passed through. We did not retain a scrap of paper or a relic to recall the unhappy past. We loathed everything connected with it.

The days that followed were very happy ones. The Paymaster came around and paid us each two months' pay and 25 cents a day "ration money" for every day we had been in prison. This gave Andrews and I about one hundred and sixty-five dollars apiece—an abundance of spending money. Uncle Sam was very kind and considerate to his soldier nephews, and the hospital authorities neglected nothing that would add to our comfort. The superbly-kept grounds of the Naval Academy were renewing the freshness of their loveliness under the tender wooing of the advancing Spring, and every step one sauntered through them was a new delight. A magnificent band gave us sweet music morning and evening. Every dispatch from the South told of the victorious progress of our arms, and the rapid approach of the close of the struggle. All we had to do was to enjoy the goods the gods were showering upon us, and we did so with appreciative, thankful hearts.

After awhile all able to travel were given furloughs of 30 days to visit their homes, with instructions to report at the expiration of their leaves of absence to the camps of rendezvous nearest their homes, and we separated, nearly every man going in a different direction.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

RELIGIOUS LIFE AND WORK IN ANDERSONVILLE—HOW CAPTURED—IMPRESSIONS ON REACHING THE PRISON—HOW TREATED—LOOKING FOR RELIGIOUS COMPANIONS—NOTES FROM DAY TO DAY.

[The author here interpolates in his narrative the contribution of Rev. T. J. Sheppard, of Ohio, regarding religious work in Andersonville. Rev. Sheppard says:]

"Never can I forget the mingled emotions of surprise, mortification and horror I experienced when, in the confusion of a night attack, I found myself hopelessly in the hands of the enemy. I thought I had considered every other chance of a soldier's fate when in the passion of patriotism I enlisted for three years or the war."

"Bewildered by the unexpectedness of the calamity, it was only after repeated and impatient orders that I relinquished my gun and cartridge-box. Yet, dazed as I was in this regard, with respect to many surrounding circumstances, I never had more vivid impressions."

"That's my gun," cried one of the rebels. 'That's my cartridge-box,' said another. 'I take that haversack,' cried a third, while the fourth dropped at my feet his old gray cap, whose external

(Continued on third page)

MEMOIRS OF GEN.

WM. T. SHERMAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

INTERESTING EPISODES

The General a Busy Man After Retirement.

A SOLDIER TO THE LAST

Refused to Accept a Nomination for President.

ALLEGED CHANGE OF DOCTRINE

Sherman's Accusation Against Jeff Davis Which Caused a Sensation.

(Copyright.)

NO COMMENT IS NEEDED here on the action of Gen. Sherman in retiring from the command of the Army. At the date of his retirement he was living in his old residence, 912 Garrison Ave., St. Louis, Mo., where his two devoted Aides-de-Camp, Col. J. E. Tourtellotte and John M. Bacon, reported daily for duty until the official order of President Arthur, announcing the severance of their chief from his connection with the Army relieved the Aids from their personal attendance, remanding them to their positions in their respective regiments.

During the ensuing year Gen. Sherman, unattended and unassisted, handled his vast correspondence, public and private, answering in person all letters and dispatches, and arranging his voluminous papers for the future historian. His letters and telegrams of this period are found copied in his own hand in his letter-book, and will in due time be given to the public.

The Chicago Convention met in June of this year to nominate the Republican candidate for President of the United States, and in anticipation of their probable action the General received many letters urging him strongly to accept the nomination in case it should be offered. His answer was that he could not accept or decline what had not been offered, but that in due time he would positively forbid the use of his name before the Convention.

On May 25, 1884, Hon. James G. Blaine wrote: "At the approaching Convention at Chicago it is more than possible, it is indeed not improbable, that you may be nominated for the Presidency. If so, you must stand your hand, accept the responsibility, and assume the duties of the place to which you will surely be chosen if a candidate."

DECLINED A NOMINATION.

To this letter Gen. Sherman answered: "I will not in any event entertain or accept a nomination as a candidate for President by the Chicago Republican Convention or any other convention, for reasons personal to myself."

Gen. Henderson, of Missouri, before going to Chicago, where he acted as President of the Convention, called on Gen. Sherman and urged, by every argument at his command, his acceptance of the nomination. The answer made to this appeal may be gathered from the conclusion of a telegram to Gen. Henderson written on June 3 after the work of the Convention had begun, "Please decline any nomination for me in language strong but courteous," followed by a letter on June 5, which concludes with equal firmness, "there is no shadow of excuse to call on me to make a sacrifice of interest, inclination, or conviction of what is right in the premises."

An interesting letter to Hon. J. R. Doolittle answers the arguments urged by Gen. Sherman's friends in favor of his acceptance: "I have absolute faith in the vitality of this young Nation; believe it will stand a good deal of bad 'doctoring,' and am more than ever willing to risk its life and welfare to those who make politics their profession."

The son of Gen. Sherman tells the writer of these pages that he was sitting in his father's office on June 5, when a telegram came from Gen. Henderson, still more urgent, demanding the right to use his name before the Convention, and stating that he might be nominated at any moment by acclamation. "I will not accept if nominated, and will not serve if elected," etc. A few moments later Mr. Sherman asked his father whether he had ever for a moment hesitated in his purpose not to accept the nomination for the Presidency. "It did seem to me at one time," he answered, "that I had better sacrifice myself and

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